

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

Editorial and Executive Office: 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois

An Independent Christian Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Modernism, Worldliness and Formalism.

Vol. XVI, No. 53

FRIDAY, December 31, 1954

United States 1 year \$2.50; 3 years \$5.00
Canada and foreign 1 year \$3.00; 3 years \$6.50

New Year's Wishes

What shall I wish thee! Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime, pleasures and mirth?
Flowers in thy pathway, skies ever clear?
Would this insure thee a happy new year?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found?
Bringing the sunshine all the year round?
Where is the treasure, lasting and dear,
That shall insure thee a happy new year?

Faith that increaseth, walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth, happy and bright;
Love that is perfect, casting out fear—
Those shall insure thee a happy new year:

Peace in the Saviour, rest at His feet,
Smile in His countenance, radiant and sweet;
Joy in His presence, Christ ever near—
This will insure thee a happy new year.

—Frances Ridley Havergal

Abraham at seventy-five made a new start, ventured out into the unknown following God. Here he is held up as our example for the new start.



Associate Editor, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

A New Year's Message (January, 1946)

Lord, Lead Us Another Way!

By the late Dr. Walter A. Maier of
the Lutheran Hour Broadcast

"Being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."—Matthew 2:12.

What would happen if the 65,000,000 people in the United States called Christians would cut themselves off from the rest of the world for twenty-four days and study the marvelous story of the Saviour's love? Two hundred years ago George Frederick Handel did just that. For three weeks and three days without interruption he studied the prophecies concerning Christ's coming as he set them to music. During this period he scarcely left his room. Although he was a heavy eater, mealtime often passed unnoticed, and his food remained untouched. When the twenty-four days were over, he had written the masterpiece of sacred song which this Christmas season again has thrilled millions throughout the world, *The Messiah*, the oratorio of our Redeemer's advent into the flesh, which may place among the greatest musical compositions of all times.

Uncounted multitudes have heard it in the past two centuries, but perhaps no one has been more affected by its study and its marvelous power than Handel himself. When he wrote the music to Isaiah's prediction of Jesus' suffering, "He was despised and rejected," tears streamed down his face, and he was so greatly moved by our Lord's self-sacrifice for

sin-stricken mankind that often he had to pause and regain his composure. As he penned the last lines for his famous "Hallelujah Chorus" he cried out, "I think I did see all of Heaven before me and the great God Himself."

By living closely with Christ those twenty-four days and studying Scripture, Handel was mightily strengthened in his faith. He stopped writing operas and secular compositions, devoting himself exclusively to sacred music. His hot temper left him, and he found a new serenity. Because he had been near God's Son in *The Messiah*, he could overcome the crushing depressions which seized him when later he became blind; indeed this affliction helped make him even more devout and considerate of others. Though he had lost his sight, the inner vision of his Redeemer became brighter. Influential friends tried to coax him away from his faith, but he had seen too much of Jesus to go that way.

In his last illness he expressed the hope that he might live one week longer, until Good Friday, and then, he prayed "meet the good Lord, my sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His resurrection." His plea was granted. He died on Good Friday; and what is more important, unlike many famed composers, Handel, to whose music kings arise, died in the Redeemer. His closeness to Jesus, particularly during those twenty-four triumphant days, had deepened his trust, changed his life, and led him "another way."

Similarly if masses in our country could concentrate on Christ for two dozen days—and surely every American should find at least that much time for Him who had His lifetime for them—not only would their thoughts, lives, and actions be directed "another way," but the widest revolt against evil this wicked, war-wracked world has ever seen would be accompanied by the mightiest revival of all times.

Today, on the first Sunday of the new year, may you who are dissatisfied with your past, its

sordid failures, its selfishness, its constant surrender to evil, resolve to come all the way to Jesus and serve Him so devotedly that under the Spirit's guidance your course for the days ahead will go "another way" than the road of reckless and ruinous refusal to follow the Son of God completely! The Holy Spirit grant that as the sinner, suicidal trend of world affairs in recent times flashes through your mind; as you review murder and massacre of millions, crime and lust, unbelief and brazen blasphemy, selfishness and self-worship—all on the increase—you may shudder at the specters of a third global conflict, and with a faith founded on Jesus plead,

LORD, LEAD US ANOTHER WAY!

That is the prayer my message suggests to you on this first Sunday in January which this year is also the day of Epiphany, commemorating the visit of the Wise Men to the newborn Christ Child at Bethlehem. These sages learned this lesson of "another way," for our text (Saint Matthew, chapter two, verse twelve), records, "Being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way."

I. LEAD US FARTHER FROM THE ENEMIES OF CHRIST!

Today millions of believers, particularly in Russia, Greece, the Balkans, celebrate Epiphany as the real Christmas; for on this day the Christ Child appeared unto the Gentiles and was first worshiped by people outside the chosen race. How magnificent is Jesus' mercy! It would have been marvelous grace if the Son of God had been born to save only a few from a privileged, chosen group and redeem these for eternity; but thank God with me today, as you behold these Magi journeying to His manger from far Eastern pagan lands, that Jesus is the universal Saviour, the royal Redeemer of all who accept Him regardless of their race, rank, region, their color, class, condition. He came for you white people, you Negroes, you red men, you the yellow race. He came for the Germans and for the Japanese,

(Continued on page 6)

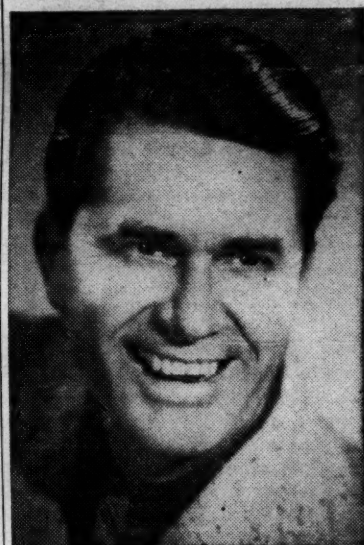
"Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee: And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."—Gen. 12:1-3.

Bible scholars call this the Abrahamic covenant. I understand that this is a great message and promise to Abram (later changed to Abraham), and to his people, the Hebrew race. But I am interested right now in these Scriptures as they might apply to you and to me. These verses have been of tremendous value and untold blessing to me. I have gone back to them again and again and again, and found strength, comfort, and hope. I trust these verses of Scripture and this plain message based upon them will be of genuine value and blessing to you.

God Promised

"Abraham," God said, "I am looking for a man who will be sold out to Me, a man who will believe Me, who will trust Me, who will put Me first, who will go where I want him to go, who will

(Continued on page 3)



Evangelist Bill Rice

"I RESOLVE"

Make New Year's Resolutions; Take Jesus Christ; Read Bible Through This Year; Forgive Your Enemies; Try God on Tithing; Be Filled With the Spirit; Win More Souls!

By Evangelist John R. Rice

It is proper and right to make resolutions and it is not too late to make resolutions for the new year, 1955. The great men of the Bible made resolutions. Consider the following:

"Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank..."—Dan. 1:8.

Paul said, "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified"—I Cor. 2:2.

The prodigal son resolved, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned..."—Luke 15:18.

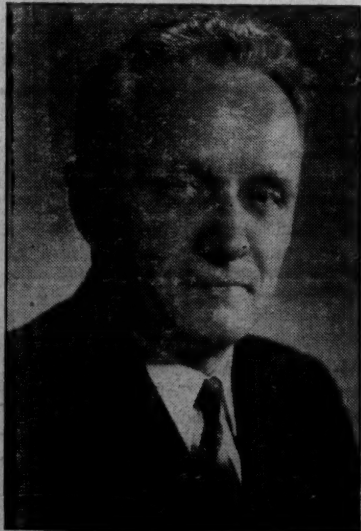
David declared, "Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live" (Ps. 116:2). He also resolved, "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Ps. 34:1). David resolved for the rest

of his life to pray and to praise the Lord continually!

Joshua said, "...as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord"—Josh. 24:15.

You see then that it is proper and right to make resolutions. The great men of the Bible made serious vows to God. I am sure they often fell short of their intentions. Peter resolved that "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended" (Matt. 26:33). He failed. So I have often fallen short of what I promised God I would try to do. Yet the Scripture says, "Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God" (Ps. 76:11). Daniel lived better for having purposed in his heart. The prodigal son *did* arise and go to his father, though he surely sinned again. David probably did not bless the Lord at ALL TIMES, but he surely praised the Lord more for

(Continued on page 2)



Dr. Walter A. Maier

\$25,000 Urgently Needed for Preachers

Greatest Missionary Opportunity of This Age. Send THE SWORD to 17,000 Influential Preachers; Keep Thousands From Being Misled by Modernists, Communists, Socialists and Worldlings. Help Today!

By the Editor

During the last week or two, we received the most remarkable flood of letters from grateful preachers that we ever received, in my judgment. There were hundreds of letters accepting with gratitude and kind words a gift subscription to THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Many, many of the pastors who wrote us were thanking God that they had found a periodical which was true to the old-time faith. Some had read the first copy or two and already intended to subscribe before receiving our letter saying that they were to receive a gift subscription, sent by a loving friend.

That flood of grateful letters is one of the most heart-warming tokens of God's blessing on THE SWORD OF THE LORD I have seen in many a day. For it proves what I felt was true and what I have been trying to tell you. In America there are thousands of preachers who ought to be given THE SWORD OF THE LORD, preachers who would read it with most grateful hearts, who would have their whole lives and ministries colored and blessed and transformed by THE SWORD OF THE LORD. Some are too poor to pay (thousands of preachers get less than \$3,000 a year.) Others would pay for their own subscriptions after a trial period in which they would become thoroughly sold on the great blessings to be received through America's foremost revival weekly. And I believe the best missionary investment one could make to save America for Christ, to keep it from going modernistic, communistic and going into the most debased worldliness, is to send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to the thousands of preachers who lead the thought spiritually in America.

I stuck my neck out. Let me tell you what I have done, and ask your counsel and your help. After prayers and tears and labor, and the clear leading of God, I set out to send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to approximately 17,000 of the noble Methodist preachers in America. I set out to pay for as many of these as I could myself. I pledged about \$9,000, a percentage on my books which were sold during the last year, but which never comes to me as royalty—to help pay for these subscriptions. I have obligated myself to pay the rest of them. Now I tell you frankly that we need over \$25,000 to pay for these 17,000 subscriptions to noble, Bible-believing, hungry-hearted and dedicated Methodist preachers.

To be sure, there are some modernists among the Methodist preachers and these out-and-out modernists do not like THE SWORD OF THE LORD. So when we write

offering them the paper, such modernists write us hot letters telling us they do not favor this type of literature, this emphasis on the old-time religion, this opposition to modernism. At their request, we drop their names from the list of those who would receive subscriptions. On the other hand, the godly, Bible-believing, and soul-winning preachers love THE SWORD OF THE LORD, and we got hundreds of letters from them in the last two weeks, thanking God that they could receive the paper and accepting the gift with grateful thanks. It is for these Bible-believing preachers who want THE SWORD OF THE LORD and agree to take it that I want you to help me pay for subscriptions.

Don't Wait Till the Horse Is Stolen to Lock the Stable Door!

Everybody now bemoans the "closed door" in China. We cannot send missionaries to China. My daughter and son-in-law had planned to go to the border of Tibet but the doors were closed. Missionaries in China have been jailed, persecuted, murdered, or expelled, if they did not come home voluntarily. But it seemed impossible to get Christian people concerned when the New Deal Government, the State Department, President Roosevelt, General Marshall and others were forcing China into the hands of communists and betraying Chiang Kai-shek. Nobody then could be interested in saving the open door in China.

Now missionaries are being refused readmittance to India, and many new missionaries cannot get permission to enter. Communism is growing. Nationalism has already become the enemy of evangelical missions. People are getting all concerned about the closed door in India, when it is almost too late to do anything about it.

The rationalism of Germany which led Germany away from Bible Christianity, which had resulted in the philosophy of Nietzsche and Hitler, and led indirectly to two world wars, now seems terrible to us. But when that rationalism, the modern higher criticism or outright infidelity of the German universities was at its worst, America was sending her preachers there to have their faith stolen, and to teach them how to come back and spread modernism in America! It is easy to get concerned after the damage is done. It is easy to lock the door of the stable after the horse is stolen!

I solemnly warn you that Amer-

"I Resolve"

(Continued from page 1)

having made a resolution about earnestly trying to let God's praise be continually in his mouth.

My dear reader, I beg you to make new year's resolutions. There will be little improvement in 1955 for any man who does not make some high resolve. To get right with God to serve Him and please Him takes a high and solemn purpose. I suggest that the reader check up on his faults and failures of the year that is past and find what would please God and solemnly try to do those things this year. Be as definite as possible. It might help to write your resolutions down. Prayerfully confess your weakness to the Lord and ask His help. God will help any man to do right if he calls in humble submission.

I suggest some new year's resolutions below:

First, Trust Christ With All Your Heart

You cannot do anything in this world to please God this year unless you first trust Christ as your Saviour. "But without faith it is impossible to please him" (Heb. 11:6). "He that believeth not the Son is condemned already" (John 3:18). Of all your mistakes and failures in 1954 and the years that are past, if you did not trust Christ as the Saviour of your soul, the Forgiver of your sins, that was the greatest sin, the greatest mistake of which you are guilty. Before you try to do anything else for God, trust Jesus Christ as your own Saviour. Surrender to Him, depend upon Him to change your heart and give you everlasting life. Do it today, this minute, and go through the balance of this new year and the rest of your life as a child of God! Remember that Jesus died for you, He loves you. He is ready. In your own heart and will, right now, turn to Him, confess your sins to Him, trust Him to forgive you. Resolve that you will trust the keeping of your soul to Jesus. That is the greatest resolve you can ever make. I pray that God will help some reader to settle that matter right now. If you will, please write and let me know and I will rejoice with you and pray for you. I will not print your name, but will write you.

Let Every Christian Make A New Start in 1955

A Christian is commanded to "take up his cross daily, and follow me" (Luke 9:23). You have failed in a thousand ways in the last year—I hope that you are close enough to God to realize it. You didn't pray like you ought to have, nor live like you ought, nor

ica is now about to become anti-Christian instead of nominally Christian. I solemnly warn you that the principal universities, even the principal theological seminaries, are not only against the Bible and against New Testament Christianity, but are definitely scheming to steal the schools and pulpits and places of influence in America, and to turn the tide away from Christianity to socialism and communism and humanism. In God's name, I plead with readers of THE SWORD OF THE LORD to wake up and help us to stem this tide.

Before me is information that in the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, "Dr. H. H. Rowley, professor of Old Testament at the University of Manchester, Manchester, England, and Dr. Robert J. McCracken, pastor of the Riverside Church, New York City, will be special lecturers at the spring conference at Southern Seminary, March 8-12, 1955." Dr. McCracken is the successor to the notorious infidel, Harry Emerson Fosdick. What do you think of his lecturing in Southern Baptist Seminary?

Again, "Dr. Seward Hiltner, associate professor of pastoral theology in the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago, will teach during the first four-week term..." of summer school this summer in the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville.

All you Southern Baptists had

(Continued on page 8)

win souls like you ought to have. You neglected the Bible, you were cold-hearted toward other Christians, you probably had grudges in your heart. Very likely you were covetous and money-minded and worldly-minded. You did not have the tenderness, the compassion, the purity of Jesus. You were not filled with the Holy Spirit all the time as you ought to be. Well, the thing we need to do, then, is to make a complete breast of the whole matter and start all over again. If you are saved, you have not lost your salvation, but you certainly ought to take advantage of the new year and have a revival in your heart.

Do not be ashamed to start over. Do not think it is useless or that God is tired of forgiving you. Remember that Paul said, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3:13, 14).

You may feel that God would not be patient with you. Dear friend, "His mercy endureth forever!" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust" (Ps. 103: 13, 14).

Every day can be a new beginning with a Christian. When you confess your sins and failures to the Lord Jesus, you have a right to expect His forgiveness and cleansing and start all over again. Jesus commanded us to forgive seventy times seven, and surely He forgives even more than that. If you have broken your resolves, then, 490 times, the Lord will still gladly forgive you, and He wants you to start anew. Put the past behind you. When God forgives, He forgets! Let 1955 be a new year, a year of Christian victory for you!

"Every day is a new beginning
Every day is a world made new.
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you."

Read Your Bible in 1955; Three Chapters On Week Days, Five On Sunday Completes Bible in One Year

The Christians who read and hear and do the Bible are blessed (Rev. 1:3). They must study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed (II Tim. 2:15). One who does not hear the law of God, even his prayer will be an abomination (Prov. 28:9). Doers of the word are better than hearers (James 1:22). Those who receive the engrafted word will find that it saves their souls (James 1:21). The blessed, happy man who meditates day and night in the Scriptures will be like a tree planted by the river, whose leaf and whose fruit never fail and everything that man does shall prosper! (Ps. 1:3; Josh. 1:7, 8).

Don't you want to inherit these blessings in 1955? Then read your Bible, receive the Word, be a doer of the Word, and continue therein and meditate in it day and night!

I suggest that you read the Bible through in 1955. You can easily do it with just a few minutes each day. The shameful fact is, you do not know the Bible because you do not take time to know it. Any humble, prayerful Christian can get marvelous blessings by reading the Bible if he simply gives his heart and attention to it.

It is better to have some system about your reading and do it every day. Make it a habit of your life. If you read four chapters every day, you will finish the whole Bible, both Old and New Testaments in less than ten months! Or if you read three chapters each week day and five on Sunday, you can read the Bible through in one year. It is shocking and shameful that so few Christians have ever read all the Bible. We are commanded that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. 4:4).

"EVERY WORD!" The only way to get every word is to read all the Bible, and that is the plain duty of every Christian. Read it through in 1955!

May I offer some suggestions about your Bible reading? (1) Do it every day. If you miss a day, ask God to forgive you and start again the next day. (2) Read some of the Bible at least, early in the day while your mind is fresh. It pays to put God and His Word first. Get up earlier. It will mean more to you, and God will bless you. (3) Read with your pencil in hand and underline or mark verses that are a special blessing to you. Then you can find them easily again and claim the rich blessings that they have for your soul. Memorize some that are especially good. (4) Be sure to pray along with your Bible reading. Remember it is God talking to you. Talk back to Him. Ask Him to help you to understand His Word. Ask the Holy Spirit to guide you. Ask that His Word will cleanse your heart. (5) Read a whole book of the Bible at a sitting. Many of the books of the Bible are short, from one to six chapters. Most of the books in the Bible are short enough to be read in less than an hour, and any book in the Bible can be read carefully through in less time than it would take to complete a novel or an average magazine! Easy, isn't it? Then do it! (6) When you find a command of God in the Bible, put it into practice. God delights to reveal Himself to willing hearts.

Every members of the family who can read should have his own Bible and read it daily. A Bible can be bought for prices beginning at about a dollar. Make 1955 a Bible year. You will be happier, you will live closer to God, you will be more prosperous, spiritually and otherwise.

Prove God on Tithing This Year

God has promised that if you seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, He will add food and clothes to you (Matt. 6:33). He has promised that if you bring Him your tithes, He will pour you out a blessing so that there will not be room to receive it (Malachi 3:10). He said, "and prove me now herewith." Again He promised that "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again" (Luke 6:38). He said that "The liberal soul shall be made fat" (Prov. 11:25). He promised that "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine" (Prov. 3:9, 10). Now is as good a time as you will ever have to try God out and see whether His promises are true. If you prove Him on the tithing business, you will know He is the God who answers prayer, the God who keeps His Word. Multiplied thousands of Christians have proven that it is blessed to give tithes, and to give offerings above the tithe as God leads. They have found that they actually have more money, that the money goes farther, that they have greater spiritual blessing, and that it increases their joy and faith.

Will you be one to try God out this year, claim His promises and put Him first? Put God before your groceries, before your debts, before everything, and He will never fail you. Resolve today to do it and then take out the Lord's part of all your income at least once a week as commanded in I Corinthians 16:2, according as God has prospered you, and give it where the Spirit of God leads for the work of Christ.

I trust 1955 will be a happy year for you, dear reader, and if you have any grudges, forget them, blot them out. If people have wronged you, forgive. If you have wronged others, confess it and make peace.

Start out to put God first. Get in the Lord's business, soul winning. Ask for the Lord's power, the power of the Holy Spirit, and be filled with Him. Then follow the leading of the Holy Spirit and do not quench Him with rebellion or grieve Him with sin.



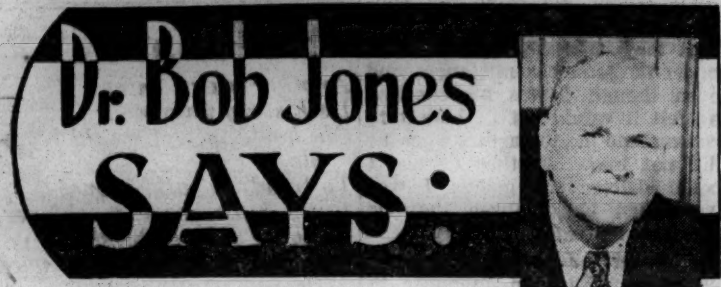
AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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Subscription rates: \$2.50 per year, \$5 for three years. Canada and foreign countries \$3.00 a year, \$6.50 for three years.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Newton, Kansas, under the act of March 3, 1879.
Office of Publication: The Sword of the Lord, 129 W. 6th St., Newton, Ks., or the Editorial Office at 214 W. Wesley, St., Wheaton, Illinois. Please send all Correspondence and undeliverable copies to The Sword of the Lord Editorial and Executive office at 214 West Wesley Street, Wheaton, Illinois.



As my son, Bob, Jr., the president, and I, the founder, of Bob Jones University travel around the world preaching, we meet so many people that say, "We know what a wonderful work is being done by the University, and we thank God for it, and we would like to do something to help the cause." We tell them everywhere that there are three things that all the spiritually minded, orthodox, Christian friends of Bob Jones University can do to help us,

First, every Christian can pray daily for the school. It is not easy in this day and time to keep a church spiritual, and it certainly takes great spiritual pressure to keep a Christian educational institution true to God. Bob Jones University has never surrendered, and it has never compromised, and it does not intend to surrender or compromise. Under our by-laws and charter the institution has to be kept as it is or it is mandatory that the institution be closed, the property sold, and the money used for the direct spread of the Gospel. We want you Christian people to pray earnestly day by day that the directive will of God may be done in Bob Jones University until Jesus comes again.

Second, character is being bankrupt all over this country. Even Christian young people are inclined to grow spiritually soft. We are going to have to have strong, courageous, Christian young people if we are going to train the right kind of leaders for the days ahead

of us. You Christian people can help us contact young people of the right kind who can be trained for the type Christian leadership we need in this day. Won't you help us select our students? You know the people in your community. You can help us get the right kind of students. We have no trouble getting students, but we want to be sure that we get the right kind, and you can help us. We, of course, want students who have good minds, and our academic standards are just as high as any school, but we do not worship the intellect on Bob Jones University campus. We put the emphasis on the Gospel, the grace of God, and strong Christian character.

Third, practically everybody that reads this appeal can invest some money in the University. We need money for our missionary program. We are getting the Gospel out to the ends of the earth. We need money to help young people who are not able to pay all of their expenses, and we need money to keep up our property and to put up more buildings to take care of more students. So please put Bob Jones University on the list for a contribution of some amount for 1955. Send the contribution as early as possible, but be sure to remember us this year. We are counting on you. Don't forget. Thank you and God bless you.

BOB JONES, FOUNDER
BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
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(advertisement)

The Land of Beginning Again

(Continued from page 1)

do what I want him to do, who will say what I want him to say, who will be what I want him to be—someone who will trust me to look after him, to guide him, to protect him, and to reward him.

"And I would bless such a man. I would make his name stand for something, and I would bless all the families on earth through him."

Abraham was already seventy-five years old. He had already established himself in the land of Ur. Evidently he had thousands upon thousands of acres of good ranch land. He had so many cattle it took some eight hundred menservants to care for them! Evidently he was also rich in silver and gold. Doubtless he and his beautiful wife, Sarah, lived in a magnificent home. He had security.

Now God wanted him to leave everything! Leave his ranch, his home, his lands, and—at the age of seventy-five—journey to a far country he had never even seen, and begin life anew!

It was a tremendous decision for him to make. Should he leave behind his people, his property, his friends? Doubtless he was perplexed and burdened about the great decision he faced. "And yet," he may have thought, "in spite of all my wealth, I have no real rest of heart. Although others may envy me my position and prestige, my life is actually barren—as barren," he thought sadly, "as Sarah's womb."

He was tired of halfway measures. He was tired of half-trusting, half-doubting, of incomplete obedience. He was tired of burying loved ones who died without hope. He would turn to God and from now on, God's way would be his way. He would live where God wanted him to live. He would be what God wanted him to be. Perhaps he felt like Alice Chase Chinn who wrote:

For each of us who have traveled the road
Of sorrow, misfortune and sin,
There's a wonderful place of courage and hope
Called the Land of Beginning Again!

I. Trusting

The biblical description of the days that followed are summed up in a few brief words—

"So Abram departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him."

The Abraham Ranch was a beehive of activity. Herds were being rounded up for the long march toward Canaan. His eight hundred men servants and their families were busily engaged in packing the possessions they could carry with them on the long journey. Lovely Sarah worked excitedly from morning till night. Household goods were strapped on the backs of camels and donkeys for the long trip. At last the great day of departure arrived, and Abraham and Sarah took one last look at the home they loved so well before leaving it forever.

He's Gone Crazy

Perhaps some of the neighbors came over to say good-by. I can just see them standing together talking with Abraham.

"I understand it's deer season in Colorado now, Abe. You goin' out there for a little hunting trip?" one of them asked.

"No," Abraham replied, "I have something much more important than hunting on my mind."

"Maybe you figure on spending a couple of months on a fishing trip down in Florida," suggested another.

"No, I have something far more important than fishing to do," Abraham answered.

"I'll bet I know what you have on your mind," shrewdly suggested another. "Since you have spent most of your life gathering riches, I'll bet you're off on a business venture! I wouldn't be surprised if you aren't going down to Texas to buy up some oil land!"

"No," Abraham answered again, "making money will never again be the chief interest of my life. I'm going to make an investment of far greater value than money—I am going to invest my life for God."

"Then where are you going?" they asked.

Abraham faced them steadily. "I really do not know where I am going," he said. "God asked me to leave my family, my home, and

New Year's Wish

All that is beautiful, all that is best—

Joy of activity, calmness of rest,
Health for life's pilgrimage,
Strength for its strife,
Sunshine to brighten the pathway of life;

Courage to trust, tho' the skies be overcast,

Hope for the future born out of the past,

Love that is tender and friends who are true;

This is my New Year's wish for you.

—Author Unknown

"Prayer" Being Printed in Mexico

Missionary Thomas E. Fountain who heads a missionary publication work in Mexico called *Publicaciones de la Fuente* has been working hard to get my book, *Prayer—Asking and Receiving*, published in Mexico. Now we learn that the first half of the book has been printed in paper binding as Volume I of *Prayer—Asking and Receiving* in the Spanish language.

It is planned then to publish the second half of the book in a paper-bound volume and a little later to publish both halves in one nice cloth-bound volume in the Spanish language.

This is a missionary work. Those who feel led to help in publication for Spanish-speaking Christians of this volume, *Prayer—Asking and Receiving*, may send your gifts to Mr. Thomas E. Fountain, Apartado 1475, Mexico 1, D.F., Mexico.

my country and follow Him. I do not know where God will lead me, but I intend to follow Him as long as I live!"

This was the exact truth. He really did not know where he was going. Although I was a very small boy, I can still remember soldiers of the First World War singing:

"I don't know where I'm going But I'm on my way."

So it was with Abraham, for Hebrews 11:8 tells us, "By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."

Doubtless his friends said, "He's gone crazy over religion!" But actually Abraham had never done so wise a thing in all his life. He was determined to go where God wanted him to go. How would he care for his family? He would trust God to provide for their needs. How would he defend himself against the enemies he might encounter on the way? He would trust God for protection. Who would repay him for all he had left behind? For what he was to suffer? For giving up a palace to live in a tent? He would trust God to reward him.

So Abraham went—trusting God.

Good neighbor, why don't you and I, like Abraham, make a new start today. Why don't we rededicate ourselves to God. Why not purpose in our hearts that we will trust God to reward us? Whether men appreciate our ministry or not, we will do what we do for Jesus' sake. We will live sacrificially and honestly and trust God to lead, protect, and reward.

You and LeTourneau

Every summer my famous big brother, John Rice, goes to Toccoa, Georgia, for a conference. I go with him. We conduct a conference on soul winning and revival at the beautiful Lake Louise Hotel and Conference Ground. Mr. A. J. Philippi is director of this conference ground, but the lake, hotel, and grounds, were built and are controlled for God by the famous Christian millionaire, R. G. LeTourneau. Now I have never had the good fortune of meeting Mr. LeTourneau. I heard him speak one time when I was a student in Moody Bible Institute and can still remember the powerful mes-

Southern Baptist Pastor Credits Bob Jones University

"I WAS THERE"

by Rev. Bob Barker

I was there! I spent eight years there! Yes, eight glorious years at Bob Jones University. I went there as a 13-year-old cotton-headed lad in knee breeches; spent four years in high school and four years in college. I found Christ at Bob Jones University, and in the conducive spiritual atmosphere of the university, I heard the Saviour's call to the ministry and surrendered to preach. At Bob Jones University my Gospel gun was loaded and I was taught how to shoot that same gun for my Lord. Through the years the lessons I learned at Bob Jones University have lingered on to help me in dealing with the problems of others as well as my own.

At America's most unusual university I received an appreciation of Christian culture and refinement. Bob Jones University not only believes and stands uncompromisingly for the Bible as God's inspired Word, but its students come to love the better things of life. My own life was greatly enriched.

I finished Bob Jones University in May of 1936. For the last eighteen years I have been in greater Mobile area as a pastor. Eight years were spent at the Hunter Memorial Baptist Church in downtown Mobile. What I learned at my alma mater was of invaluable assistance in that first pastorate. For the last ten years I have been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chickasaw, Alabama. During these years our church has grown from 400 members to 2,200 plus. Hundreds have been saved here. Our Sunday School is one of the leading Sunday Schools in Alabama; our Training Union is the largest; and our Vacation Bible School is reported to be the biggest in the Southern Baptist Convention. Through the years our church has been outstanding in soul winning. Last year we led the Alabama Baptist Convention in professions of faith, and this year we were second. Chickasaw First Baptist Church has the reputation of being one of the greatest evangelistic churches in the South.

During the last sixteen years I have had the privilege of con-



Rev. Bob Barker

ducting a daily Gospel broadcast over Mobile's radio station WALA. I have never forgotten what Dr. Jones so often said to the preacher boys, "Let's get the Gospel to as many people possible in the shortest time possible." That desire to spread the Gospel of Christ that I received while at Bob Jones University has meant much in helping me to carry on when the going was tough.

Since my graduation I have kept in constant touch with the university. It's amazing growth has been the result of its policy of honoring Jesus Christ. His precious name is written in capital letters on everything. In my frequent visits to the school I have never seen anything in which I was disappointed. It's radiantly happy student body blesses your soul. The consecrated, competent administrative staff and teachers are an inspiration to us all.

I have also watched with interest and pride its students and graduates as they have gone out into all walks of life. I have noticed that they are successful people whether in the ministry, the class room, in business or in the home. They prove to be definite testimonies that the philosophy of life taught at Bob Jones University works.

Yes, I was there. And I am glad of it!



RODEHEAVER AUDITORIUM, BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

sage he brought. But although I have spoken at Lake Louise time and time again, he has never heard me speak, and probably does not even know I am alive.

Now I know nothing at all about Mr. LeTourneau and his millions other than what I have read and heard. But I understand that he is extremely wealthy. Rumor has it that he sold his Toccoa Plant to Westinghouse for approximately thirty million dollars, and that alone is enough to last him the rest of his life, if he dies when he ought to! I do know that he is vitally interested in spreading the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Perhaps you do not know him either, but let us do some supposing. Let us imagine that Mr. LeTourneau knows you. Perhaps he slipped into an auditorium to hear you preach. Perhaps he was a visitor in your Sunday School class. Perhaps he heard you sing in the choir. Let us imagine that he was strangely attracted by your ministry and that he made

you the following proposition—that you and he become partners.
(Continued on page 4)

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The Land of Beginning Again

(Continued from page 3)

It will be your job to serve the Lord Jesus at every opportunity. You will put God first in your life. Your church will come before your business. Your Sunday School class before your job. It will be more important to you to go to choir rehearsal than to take overtime work. In brief, you are to begin today to live the way you feel would be most profitable and pleasing to God.

Mr. LeTourneau, on the other hand, would make money for both you and himself. You need never have any financial worry. If you spend so much time studying the Bible, visiting the sick, attending jail services, teaching Sunday School classes, winning souls from house to house, etc., that your income drops off, Mr. LeTourneau, with all his wealth, would be there for you to fall back upon. You need not worry about old age, for he would take care of you then. If your children need to go to college, Mr. LeTourneau would help you to provide for them.

Wouldn't that be wonderful! Wouldn't it be good to make serving God the main concern of your life! Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to serve Him with an utter abandonment of care and anxiety! How eagerly you would accept such a proposition from Mr. LeTourneau!

Of course Mr. LeTourneau might die and leave you destitute. He might change his mind. He might lose every penny he owns before breakfast in the morning. But you would gladly take that risk.

You would trust a mere man like Mr. LeTourneau. How tragic that you are not as willing to trust God! God, who has all the wealth of the world, and yet you are afraid to trust Him. He never changes, will never die, will never lose His power—and you are afraid to trust Him! How tragic that so many Christians serve God so little because they feel they cannot afford to do so. Sunday School teachers have no time to prepare their lessons because they feel their work on the farm, in the home, at the office to be of so much more importance. After all,

a man gets paid for working in a filling station or a grocery store but actually feels he does not get paid for work he does for God!

There are literally thousands of young men who have been called of God to preach but will not do it for fear of starving to death. Not long ago I drove my car into a garage in Kansas City to have some work done on it. A young man, head of the service department, came smilingly out to greet me.

"We may not look like it, Mr. Rice," he said, "but actually you and I are just alike! God has called both of us to do the work of an evangelist."

"Fine," I told him, and then asked him where he was preaching. He replied that he was not preaching anywhere just now. He was holding down two jobs. Why? Because he was married and had two little children. "I must not let them starve," he explained, but as soon as he could afford it he was going to do evangelistic work.

"We are not alike at all," I told him: "God called me to preach and I am preaching and trusting God to help me care for my lovely wife and four children. God called you to preach but you are not preaching—you believe the Nash garage can take better care of you than God! Both God and the Nash garage called you and you decided you would rather trust the garage! Don't say you are like me if you believe the Nash garage will love you better, care for you better and reward you better than God will!"

I Won't Be Back

Most of my life I have known that God wanted me to be an evangelist. It was with this in mind that I left the little church in Gainsville, Texas, and went, with my wife and baby, to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. For more than three years Cathy and I worked and went to school. I went to school in the morning and worked afternoons and nights. I had a job taking sightseers around Chicago. I took visitors with their suitcases and trunks from the railway and bus stations to the Institute and back again.

I had a night job from about six to eleven with the Railway Express. At the same time I started and became pastor of a church in Dubuque, Iowa, almost two hundred miles away. I would usually get up about three o'clock on Sunday mornings and drive to Dubuque, round up Sunday School youngsters, teach a Sunday School class, preach in the morning service, preach in the afternoon, conduct young people's services, preach that night, and then drive back to Chicago where I would arrive at four or five o'clock the next morning. I worked long and hard hours. (I needed more money than the average student because of the illness and resultant deafness of our first baby, Betty Ann.) At the same time I took the full Pastor's Course plus courses in music, children's work, teacher training, radio work, etc. Cathy (Mrs. Bill) worked at Marshall Field, serving tables in the afternoons, worked as a baby sitter at odd hours, and went to evening classes.

As I look back, I wonder how on earth we did it. We went at a killing pace and when graduation day finally came, we were both simply exhausted. But, at that, those were wonderful happy years. I was preparing to do the work of an evangelist! I ate, slept, and lived revivals! God had called me and I could hardly wait for the time to come when my preparation at Moody would be over and I could enter the full-time evangelistic field. In the meantime, I preached, led singing, went on deputation groups, conducted jail and hospital services, passed out thousands of tracts, did personal work on the streets.

At last graduation day came! After making sure God did not have other educational plans for me at that time, I felt I was ready to go into full-time revival work.

Then I received one of the greatest surprises of my life. I asked John Rice to recommend me as an evangelist in THE SWORD OF THE LORD and—he said he could not do it! He must be honest, he told me, with his readers. I was young, inexperienced, had not proven myself in the evangelistic field. He did not know if I could conduct a successful revival or not. I was a youngster just out of

Bible school. He could not conscientiously recommend to pastors that they have any other student under the same circumstances, and even though I was his brother, he felt it would not be honest to recommend me to pastors when he did not know whether or not I could deliver the goods! I was crestfallen but realized that he was entirely right.

However, John said that he would be willing to announce to the people that I felt called to be an evangelist, that I was honest, and sincere although inexperienced. He did put such a statement in THE SWORD and I thought surely I would receive a flood of revival invitations.

But no flood came. It didn't even rain. In fact, it didn't even sprinkle! Finally one letter of inquiry came. It came from Kenneth Beilby, First Baptist Church of Gas City, Indiana. He had waited too late to get a good evangelist, he frankly told me, and so might have to use someone like me! After an exchange of letters I was definitely invited and accepted the invitation.

I waited for other invitations and none came. What was I to do? If I resigned the good job I now had with the Railway Express and received no more invitations, how would I make a living for my family? How could I make the last two payments on our new Ford car? How could I pay the rent? Cathy settled the entire matter by asking me a simple question: "Does God want you to be an express man or an evangelist?" It was as simple as that. When I went to work that night, I told Mr. Larry, the big boss, I was leaving and told him what I planned to do. He asked what I would do after the two weeks were up and I told him that I did not know. He urged me to merely take a leave of absence. He said he and other officials had been watching me. They would soon make me a foreman. I could go places, if I stayed with the Railway Express. I thanked him warmly but told him I was going to be an evangelist regardless of what happened. If I lost my car, I would just lose it. If my family and I starved, we would simply starve.

"I won't be back," I told him. I meant it.

The Gas City campaign lasted three weeks instead of two. During the last week I received another invitation for a revival—this time from the First Baptist Church of Allegan, Michigan. During the second campaign I received an invitation from Orestes, Indiana. During this meeting I received an invitation from another church and another, and so it has gone for thirteen blessed years. Living from "hand to mouth"? Yes, but from God's hand!

He Is Able

Good neighbor, why not begin a new life at the beginning of this year. A new life of trust and faith in God. Serve God—not a board of deacons, not a church, not a group of people. And trust God rather than man to reward you. Do not preach or sing or teach or visit in order that men may pay or praise you. Rather, have an agreement with God that you will do what He would have you do and you will trust Him to reward you in due season. Remember that God is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb. 11:6).

When you are afraid, remember, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. 13:6).

When you are discouraged, remember God has said, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. 6:9).

When you feel helpless, remember, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13).

When in need, remember, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19).

Abraham left the old life of doubting to enter into one of faith and trust in "the Land of Beginning Again."

II. Confessing

Abraham loved the Lord. He set out to live a new life of trust and service. But he still had his

Not Alone . . .

Another year I enter
Its history unknown;
Oh, how my feet would tremble
To tread its paths alone!
But I have heard a whisper,
I know I shall be blest;
"My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest."

What will the New Year
bring me?
I may not, must not know;
Will it be love and rapture,
Or loneliness and woe?
Hush! Hush! I hear His whisper;
I surely shall be blest;
"My presence shall go with thee
And I will give thee rest."

—From Evangelical Christian

body of clay and he was not perfect. There were pitfalls of temptation in his pathway, and there came a day that Abraham fell into sin. He suffered from a famine in the land of Canaan and "Abraham went down into Egypt to sojourn there." His beautiful wife, Sarah, went with him, of course. The king of Egypt desired her and because Abraham was afraid, he said she was his sister but neglected to say that she was also his wife. The king desired the beautiful woman for a wife and would have taken her had the fact not been revealed that she was the wife of Abraham. Therefore Abraham and his family were sent from the land of Egypt.

Bluntly, Abraham had sinned. He had backslidden. And there were two courses open to him, the same two courses that are open to every backslider. He could be hardhearted, hardheaded and rebellious. He could try to act as though nothing had ever been wrong and go on with his sin unconfessed and, therefore, unforgiven. Or he could humbly confess his sin to God and go back to the place of service God had appointed him.

Abraham chose the latter. He went back to Canaan—back to "Beth-el, unto the place where his tent had been at the beginning, between Beth-el and Hai; Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at the first: and there Abram called on the name of the Lord" (Gen. 13:3, 4). The Bible says, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:9). That is what Abraham did. He was wrong. He acknowledged it. He came back to Bethel. He had left Bethel to go into backsliding. He left backsliding to come back to Bethel and confess his sin. Here he found pardon, he found forgiveness. The Bible says, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. 28:13).

Many churches are cold and formal today because the members are not willing to confess their sins. Many an individual has a cold heart, a barren life, and a ruined testimony because of an unwillingness to humbly confess sins. Many a church goes year in and year out with no souls saved, no lives changed, and no hearts blessed because of deacons, elders, trustees, teachers, and laymen who are unwilling to confess their sins.

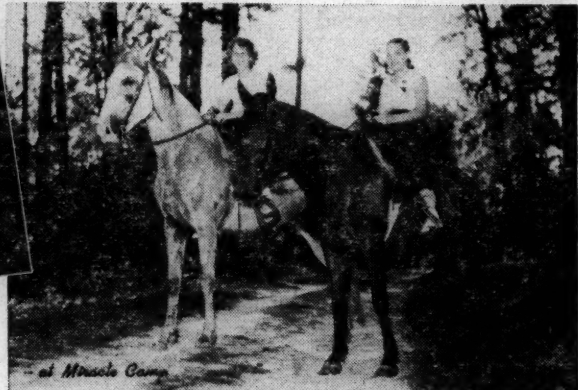
Some years ago I went to a church in a small town for an eight-day revival campaign. They told me there had been no conversions for about twenty years in the little church. The building was a lovely one. It was made of brick, had an auditorium seating about 200 and a side-auditorium that would seat an additional 175. The opening night there was just a handful of people. The weather was bitter cold. I proposed that the pastor and I would begin visiting up one street and down another until every person in the little town had been invited to the revival. He thought the idea was foolish and besides he was "very busy," so I went alone in sub-zero weather. (I actually pushed so many doorbells that I froze the end of my finger which

(Continued on page 5)

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The Land of Beginning Again

(Continued from page 4)

became infected and gave me trouble for over a month.) God blessed the visitation and in a couple of nights the church was packed. The messages seemed to be refreshing and yet I could get no one to make a move. Not a soul came forward for rededication or salvation. On Thursday night a number did raise hands for prayer but no one came forward. We sang longer than usual during the invitation, but to no avail. Finally I decided to close, when a deacon, an old man in whose house I had been staying, wept his way to the front. He told the people that he knew why the church was barren, why no souls had been saved in the last twenty years. It was because, he said, he, the chairman of the board of deacons, was a thief! He told how he had defrauded the railroad years before. It seems he had bought a ticket for a little town some twelve miles away. It began to rain and he decided to stay on the train and go all the way to Minneapolis, Minnesota. But the conductor neglected to ask him for his ticket and he made the long trip to Minneapolis on a twelve-mile ticket! Some twenty years had passed and, he said, everytime he tried to pray the Lord reminded him that he was a crook. There had been no conversions in the church and now, during the special revival campaign, there had been no conversions although the church was enjoying the largest attendance of its history. He felt like an Achan in the camp and wanted to confess his sin to God and to the people.

When he had finished his story, I again gave the invitation and Christian people came forward, one after another, to confess their sins. An invitation was then given to the unsaved and they literally crowded down the aisles! Seventy-two people came forward that night, over half of them were first-time decisions for Christ.

This man told me later on that he had often felt God tugging at his heart, but he was the chairman of the board of deacons and felt a man in his position simply could not afford to come forward for rededication like an ordinary church member!

Actually, however, it is far more important for those in places of leadership to confess and forsake their sins than it is for the ordinary member of the church.

A Billy Graham Story

Several years ago Billy Graham, after his first trip to Europe, was invited to speak at the famous Founders Week Conference of the Moody Bible Institute. (If I am not mistaken, I was also one of the speakers on that particular conference program.) I had heard such good things of Billy, admired him so much, prayed for him so often that I was anxious to hear him speak. Cathy and I drove in to Moody Church to hear him. His message was on the eternal punishment of the unsaved, as I remember. The message was splendid, but it seemed to me that the evangelist had little liberty. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it seemed to me that he experienced some difficulty in getting into his message that night.

A day or so later I kept an appointment with some Youth for Christ leaders in a downtown office building. When I left the offices, I rang for the elevator. When it reached my floor, the door was opened and Billy Graham stepped out. We shook hands and walked back around the corner

of the corridor to visit for a moment.

(I am not trying to leave the impression that Billy and I are warm personal friends. He hardly knows me at all. I pray for him daily, admire him tremendously and love him in the Lord.)

Billy asked me if I had heard him preach at the Moody Church and I told him that I had. He asked me what I thought of the message. Our conversation went something like this—

"Billy, I earnestly thank God for your wonderful ministry. I think it is wonderful that God has raised up a young man to do the wonderful work you are doing."

"Thanks, Bill, but what did you think of my message at Moody Church?"

"We pray for you almost every day in our family devotions and I pray for you every day of the world. We are always so glad to have the reports of your campaigns for THE SWORD OF THE LORD."

"Thanks, Bill, but what did you think of the sermon at Moody Church?"

I never did give him a direct answer.

"I felt I made a mess of that service," Billy Graham continued. "In spite of myself, I was impressed by the tremendous crowd and all the big men sitting on the platform and in the congregation and I wanted to impress them. And the Lord just wouldn't let me preach well at all! That night after the service I hurried to my hotel room where I fell upon my knees and said, 'Lord, You've quit me, haven't You? My sins have found me out. You knew I was trying to preach for myself instead of preaching for You tonight. So You've quit me. And I do not blame You, Lord, for You have been so long suffering with me. But I do want to tell You how ashamed I am of myself. Please forgive me. Please give me another chance and I'll be Your evangelist and I'll preach only for You.'"

As we stood in the corridor, Billy told me how he had spent most of the night on his knees begging God to forgive him and to empower him to preach the Gospel. And with a smile Billy said, "And God did forgive me. He has given me the assurance in my heart that He is going to bless me even more than ever. I believe I will have larger revivals in the future than I ever have had in the past."

I was a sobered man when I left. My heart was strangely stirred and moved. I have thought of that experience again and again since that day. So many of us are such "big shots" that we will not confess our sins. But Billy Graham, one of the greatest evangelists America has ever known, spends nights on his knees searching his heart and praying God for guidance and forgiveness.

Good neighbor, if you would know the blessing of God on your life, then be quick to confess your sins to God. Should you confess them publicly? Yes, if the public knows about them. I urge you to return to Bethel, back to the place where you left the Lord. It is entirely possible that you will be a stronger Christian than ever before.

Their hope, like a cloak that wraps us around,

Makes stronger our purpose to win,

And love, truth and faith are easily found

In this land of beginning again.

III. Loving

When Abraham went to Canaan, he took Lot, his nephew, with him. We do not know, but evidently Lot was the adopted son of Abraham. Probably the boy was already grown when Abraham took him over. Probably his uncle had given him a start in the cattle-raising business and he had become a man of considerable wealth. He had large herds and flocks. In fact, Lot and Abraham had so many head of livestock that "the land was not able to bear them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife

between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land" (Gen. 13:6, 7).

It seemed that a range war between the herdmen of the two men was inevitable. And there is little doubt but that the herdmen of Abraham would have won. But here we see the great character of this man who had come to the land of beginning again. Instead of reminding Lot that he was a trespasser on his uncle's land; instead of accusing the younger man of ingratitude; instead of driving his nephew off the range, Abraham said to Lot, "... Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left" (Gen. 13:8, 9).

How loving and gracious Abraham was! There are two things that motivated his action.

First, the "Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land." Unsaved people, heathen people were all around them. Abraham and Lot were the only people of God these lost ones knew. What would their opinion of God be if Abraham and Lot fought one another?

Good neighbor, there are unsaved people around you, too. There is many a man and woman who never attend church. They never read the Bible. The only thing they know of God is what they see in you. Think carefully, then, before you engage in a fight with your Christian brethren over personal matters. Perhaps nothing in the world so hinders the work of the Lord Jesus Christ as does the fussing and fighting of our churches. All over the land we have churches that have split and then the splits have split! We have factions and cliques in our churches that dishonor God and bring reproach upon the name of Christ. And almost every time the fusses are over personal matters. Hardly ever are the fusses and fights over doctrinal matters. We fuss about who will sing the solo in the choir, who will be the Sunday School superintendent, who will teach the young married women's class, who will ramrod the Ladies' Aid, who will play the organ, and every other conceivable matter. And while we are calling one another names, we wonder why the unsaved people are never interested in our churches, why our testimonies have no more effect on the lost than pouring water on a duck's back.

Remember, Jesus said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35).

For the sake of the lost, Abraham was willing to suffer ill-treatment at the hands of a brother without making a fight, without any attempt at getting even.

The second reason Abraham gave in to Lot may be found in his words, "we be brethren."

Christian fellowship is sweet and precious. Do not lose the friendship and fellowship of others of like precious faith if you can possibly help it.

Many times we lose friends because we insist on "standing up for our rights," and "saying just what we think." Of course this often enables us to have our own way—at the price of a friend.

As an evangelist I have services in churches all over our nation. I tell you now there is nothing as tragic as a split church. There is nothing as pathetic as hard feelings between Christian people. Everyone suffers. The ones who carry on the fight suffer the loss of fellowship and friendship that was once so pleasant and sweet.

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Children suffer. The work of the church suffers. Most important of all, the work of the Lord Jesus suffers, for Christians who are busy fussing and fighting hardly ever have time to win souls for whom Christ died.

The Love Chapter

No matter how generously we give of our offerings, no matter how sound we may be in the faith, no matter how beautifully you may speak or sing—if you do not have love for your brethren you are not worth the powder it would take to blow you up!

First Corinthians 13 reminds us, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth...."

You Go Your Way

When Abraham saw that he and Lot could not get along together, he did not propose a fight. He did not ask for a show of strength. Instead, he graciously suggested that the young man decide where he wanted to live and then he, Abraham, would move to another place. He said, in effect, "Lot, we are brethren. It is not right for us to fuss and fight. If we cannot get along together, then let's get along separately. You go your way and I'll go mine, and we will get along separately."

In spiritual matters I do not say nor believe we ought to compromise with those who are openly unsaved or those who pose as Christians but really are not saved, like the modernist crowd. But certainly those of us who are saved should love and pray for and help other Christians.

No grudge in our heart, no malice, no strife,

No words that are ever unkind; But a smile, and a laugh, and a loving hand-clasp

In the land of beginning we find.

IV. Giving

In the land of beginning again, Abraham was a tither. Lot was

kidnapped by five kings, and Abraham armed his servants and fought to rescue his errant nephew. When he returned from the battle with the five kings, Abraham met a man named Melchizedek and "he gave him tithes of all" (Gen. 14:20). Melchizedek was a type of Christ. He was the "king of Salem" and "priest of the most high God." "Salem" means peace. Jesus is our King of peace and Jesus is our High Priest.

Tithes, then, should be given to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tithing is right. It was right in the days of Abraham. It is right for you and for me today. People ought to tithe. And those who love the Lord do tithe. Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Let me repeat—those who love the Lord keep His commandments, and those who love the Lord give tithes to Him.

Under the Law?

But someone will say, "Tithing was for the Jews under the law—it is not for us today." But let me remind you that the law had not yet been given in the day of Abraham. The law was given by God through Moses. And Moses was not born until years and years after Abraham had been buried in the cave of Machpelah. Abraham did not give because of the law. He gave because it was right. Jacob, too, was a tither.

Later on, tithing was included in the law. Of course someone will insist that the law was abolished when Jesus came. Someone will say that "the ordinances were nailed to the cross." But Jesus did not do away with the law. He did not come to break it; He came to fulfill it. It is true that ceremonial laws or ordinances were nailed to His cross, since these ceremonies, such as sprinkling the blood of a dove, sacrificing a red heifer, etc., pointed to and pictured Christ. There is no need of the ceremonial laws now that Jesus has come. But moral law was in effect before the law was ever written, and it is in effect today. The Bible plainly says that Cain was a murderer although the law of Moses had not even been given at the time Cain killed his brother. And it is just as wrong to murder today. This is moral law—not ceremonial. It is wrong to bear false witness, to commit adultery, to take God's name in vain.

And it is still wrong to steal. And the Bible plainly says that one who does not tithe is a robber. "Will a man rob God?" asks Malachi. "Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed you?"

(Continued on page 6)

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The Land of Beginning Again

(Continued from page 5)

bed thee? In tithes and offerings" (Mal. 3:8). A man who does not tithe, then, is a deliberate thief. He is as crooked as a dog's hind leg or a snake with the cramps!

It was right to give tithes in Old Testament times. It was right in the days of Christ, for He said, "...ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin... these ought ye to have done..." (Matt. 23:23). And it is right today, for Paul plainly said, "Give as the Lord has prospered you" (I Cor. 16:2). If God has given you a dollar, give Him one dime. If He has given you ten dollars, then give Him a dollar. That is a tithe and it belongs to God. Then give offerings over and above the tithe as God enables you to do so.

Ingratitude

Suppose a destitute brother came to you asking you for help. Suppose you had ten dollars in a dresser drawer and you told the friends to go and get nine of those dollars, leaving one for your own needs. But suppose your friend took all ten of those dollars! You would certainly feel he had been guilty of base ingratitude. How contemptible! How little—how mean!

How, then, do you believe God feels about you when the cattle on a thousand hills are His and the silver and the gold. He gives you the privilege of opening the drawer of His storehouse in order that you may provide for yourself and your family. He only asks that you use at least one dollar out of ten for Him. What kind of person are you if you do not do it?

I Don't Keep a Record But...

Many people feel sure they give as much as or more than one tenth of their income but do not keep a record of it. But if it doesn't mean enough to you to even keep a record of it, I seriously doubt that you give anything like as much as one tenth of your income to God. More than likely you are a first-rate phony.

What do you believe would happen if you went to your groceryman with the suggestion that you would take all the groceries you needed day after day without keeping any special record of how much you got. You, on the other hand, would pay the groceryman some money occasionally, but there would be no record kept of how much you paid him. How do you believe your groceryman would react to this kind of proposition? Or the manager of the filling station? Do you honestly believe any businessman would agree to this kind of proposition?

Isn't it strange, then, that you feel your business transactions with the Lord are not as important as the ones you have with your groceryman or milkman or laundryman or tailor?

The probable truth is that you do not tithe and you well know it. What is more important, God knows it, for He keeps a record whether you do or not.

Every Christian should set aside at least one tenth of his income for the work of the Lord. This should be done regularly and systematically.

Not Because of Wieners

Remember there is one way to finance our churches. And this is the one and only way to do it. Backslidden indeed is the church that sinks to church bazaars, pie suppers, basement carnivals, the sale of ice cream, or even—heaven help us—kisses! Do not give your money for a carnival—give it for the Lord.

In a small church in a Texas town I was plagued years ago with a choir director who could get no one to sing in his choir. The choir had places for sixty people but this man was doing well when he could get ten or twelve people to come to the choir. As far as his private life was concerned, perhaps the less said the better. But at any rate he was a choir director without a choir. Then one Sunday morning he had a brilliant idea and he announced it to the congregation.

"Fill the choir this morning," he said, "and if the choir is full this morning and tonight, we will go on a wiener roast next Thursday night and I will pay for the

wieners!"

You should have seen the people come to the choir! It was a veritable stampede! The choir was not only full, it was overflowing and it was the same way that night. The following Thursday night they all went on a wiener roast and I understand everyone had a lovely time. I was not present.

The following Sunday morning the same thing happened. An appeal was made for choir members and only a handful responded until the director announced that they would follow the same procedure as that of last Sunday. If the choir was full both night and morning they would have a wiener roast the following Thursday and he would pay for the wieners.

Before anyone had a chance to respond, I was in the pulpit confronting the chorister.

"No, you won't," I yelled. "If anyone is going to sing in this choir, he is going to sing because he loves Jesus Christ—not because he loves wieners! We will have no more of this kind of business."

And that was definitely that!

Good neighbors, let's do what is right for Jesus' sake. Let's give our tithes and offerings because it is right. Let's sing in the choir, teach a Sunday School class, do what we can, and do it for Jesus' sake, trusting Him to reward us in due season.

V. Blessings

Abraham followed God. He went to the land of beginning again, the promised land, the land of Canaan. He humbly walked with his Lord and became known as a friend of God. He lived close to the Lord and was sensitive to his shortcomings. When he sinned, he confessed it. He loved his brethren and had peace with them as much as lay within him. He gave his tithes and his offerings.

And God blessed him. His name, indeed, became great. All the families of the earth have been blessed through him. God has blessed them who have blessed him and cursed those who have cursed him. By faith Abraham followed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness.

It worked for Abraham—this journey to the land of beginning again. And it will work for you. It was true in the life of my own father who has long since been with God. Because it did work for my father, I am writing this message to you today.

My folks died when I was in my early teens. I left the old home place in Decatur, Texas, and went back to the ranch country where I had been born. I lived with my widowed sister, Ruth, on the Graham ranch between Olney and Archer City, Texas. Ruth taught school on the ranch. There was a two-room schoolhouse. She and her three little boys and I lived in one room, and she taught school in the other. I drove her Ford car the ten miles to Olney every day to finish high school.

When my school days were over, I wanted to go on to college. I had no money. I was of a shy nature. It was in the great depression. From every standpoint, my desire to go to college seemed hopeless, and yet I was determined to go to college. I stayed on the ranch after I was graduated from high school until it was time to enroll for the fall term. I wanted to go to Decatur Baptist College where John and George and Joe and Ruth had gone. I sent in for an application and signed up for the fall term. I packed up my meagre clothes in an old, battered valise that had been my father's and shipped it to Decatur, Texas.

Then one morning before daylight I went down to the corral, took a lariat rope off the peg and opened the gate. Inside the corral there were several horses, one of them a large silver named West that belonged to me. I roped her and saddled and bridled her in the morning darkness. Leading her outside the corral, I mounted, waved a silent good-by to the sleeping ranch and turned the pony's head toward the east and Decatur Baptist College, over one hundred miles away.

I left before breakfast. I did not have one single penny in my

pocket with which to buy food for lunch. I had no supper. Through the long, hot hours of the day I rode. Sometimes I followed the highways. Sometimes I cut across the Texas prairie. Most of the time West maintained a smooth fox trot and we covered a surprising number of miles. But they were not happy ones. In the first place, I was tired and hungry. In the second place, I was scared half to death, and in the third place, my heart was filled with bitterness. My father had left me a little money when he died and some of his friends had borrowed it and had never paid it back. I had been a Sunday School boy all of my life and what had it gotten me? Almost all my friends danced, but I had never even learned,—had never been on a dance floor in my life. Many of my friends drank, and I had never touched one drop of liquor. Many of my friends smoked, but I never had. I had kept myself morally clean. And yet here I was, an orphan boy in the midst of the depression without even one single penny in my pockets. I had told everyone I was going to college, but how could I without a job, without money?

I grew more bitter as the long day drew to a close. Suddenly I became aware of dark storm clouds gathering overhead. Lightning cracked and thunder rolled. Clearly I was in for a good old Texas thunderstorm! My horse and saddle and clothing would be soaking wet. My bitterness increased.

I was back on the highway now, and presently I noticed a large farm home with fine barns and buildings on the left of the road. I turned my horse's head up the lane, approached the front yard gate and hollered the customary "Hello."

A gray-haired man appeared on the front porch and answered, "Hello yourself. Get down."

I dismounted and walked down the path to meet him. "I am on my way to Decatur where I am going to college," I said. "It is going to rain in a few minutes and if you don't mind, I'd like to sleep in your barn tonight."

The gray-haired man assured me that he did not mind my sleeping in his barn if I would promise to strike no matches. Then, as he looked me square in the face, he asked, "What did you say your name was, son?"

I had not told him, but now I did tell him that my name was Bill Rice, and I repeated that I was on my way to Decatur where I was going to college. (I was so proud of the fact that I was going to college!)

"Did you say Rice?" he asked. "Are you any kin to the Senator Will Rice who used to live in Decatur?"

I told him that Senator Will Rice had been my father, and the old man was delighted. Turning toward the house, he called in a loud voice, "Ma! Oh, Ma!" And when a lovely gray-haired lady appeared at the door, he continued, "Ma, this young fella is the son of Senator Will Rice, and he is going to spend the night with us."

The dear lady ran down the path to meet me and told me she was so glad I had come their way. She asked me if I was hungry and I told her that I had not yet had my supper. The man and I went to the barn where we unsaddled West and gave her fresh water and oats and hay.

When we walked back to the house the dear lady had set the table with good food and I hungrily ate my breakfast, dinner, and supper all at one time!

As I ate, they talked. Would this be my first year in college? Did I think I would like it? How were my brothers and sisters, etc.?

As I concluded my meal, they excused themselves and put down springs and mattresses on the front porch to make a bed for me. When I had finished eating, the old man told me I ought to get to bed since I had a hard ride ahead of me on the morrow. When I suggested that I would go to the barn to sleep, he told me that any son of Will Rice's could always have the best bed in his house, and now that the storm was over, he and Ma felt it would be cool and pleasant on the front porch and they wanted me to sleep out there. Before we retired, he and Ma knelt on the front porch to pray. I dropped to my knees, too,

Lord, Lead Us Another Way!

(Continued from page 1)

for Hitler and Hirohito. If only they had received Him!

Never has the world witnessed a love as embracing and inclusive as that expressed in Scripture, "He died for all." Even in democratic America wealth, position, prominence, often divide people into opposing classes. Can you believe that on Christmas Eve two hospitals in the Saint Louis area refused to receive a penniless woman critically ill with pneumonia?

How I thank God, as letters of love for the Lord come to my desk from the Island of Tobago, the Island of Nevis, Northern Rhodesia, New Zealand, the Aleutians, almost all over South America, from Panama down toward the Straits of Magellan—and we have received mail from more than fifty different countries—the Gospel of Jesus Christ proves it is "the power of God unto salvation to EVERYONE that believeth!"

Scientific Advances Do Not Cure the World's Ills

These Wise Men were of the

scientists of their day, among the most learned scholars of the ancient world. Their desire to seek, find, and worship Jesus is thus the more challenging to the intellectual leaders of our time. Deeply we must deplore the tragedy that all the epochal achievements of twentieth-century scientists have not made the world better spiritually. Armies of experts have been mobilized and billions of dollars spent, particularly during the past five years, to perfect ways of killing more men quickly, killing them more surely, killing them in larger numbers, with greater ease, with deeper horror; but where in all the laboratories on earth can you find one discovery which helps men live more honest, sincere, devout, and God-fearing lives? Where does a single invention hold out hope for a morally spiritual better tomorrow?

True, at the last meeting of the American Physicists Association in Detroit a speaker claimed, "Science, given an opportunity, could prevent wars as easily as it

(Continued on page 7)

and reverently heard his prayer. He prayed for his sons and daughters, for his neighbors, and for me. He thanked God for the many good things that had come his way in life, and he thanked God that I had come to spend that night with them. He prayed that he and Ma might be a blessing to me.

When they had retired I was a very thoughtful young man as I pulled off my boots and slipped between the clean, fresh sheets of my bed.

It seemed I had hardly fallen asleep when he was shaking my shoulder and telling me to get up. "It will be daylight before long," he said, "and you have a long ride today. Ma has breakfast about ready."

I rolled out of bed, dressed and pulled on my boots. I washed my hands and face in the cold water of the old pump behind the house and, as I walked into the kitchen for breakfast, I could smell fried chicken! We had fried chicken, biscuits and gravy for breakfast. I ate longer than they did and he had bridled and saddled West and brought her up to the front gate by the time I had finished eating. The good lady made a number of sandwiches for me to carry with me so I would not go hungry that day.

They were standing by my chair when I finished eating and arose from the table. He had on a pair of blue overalls and from the bib pocket he pulled out a checkbook. She handed him a fountain pen as he said, "It takes money to go to college, son, and I imagine you are going to need a little help. Just how much money do you think you will need this first term?"

I told him I didn't think I would need any money at all. He insisted on helping me. He said I could call it either a gift or a loan but that he would like to help me, and he asked me again how much I needed.

Again I told him I did not want to take any money from him, and, believe it or not, I did not let him give me or lend me one single penny.

We walked down the path toward the front gate. The early morning sun had just begun to shine on the silver head of this dear couple. I untied the reins, but before I mounted, I turned and tried to thank them for their kindness to me. They told me not to mention it.

"But why have you been so good to me?" I asked.

"I was going to tell you about that, Bill," the old man said. "Years ago when Ma and I first came to this place, we invested all the money we had in the world in the down payment. Our children were little. Hard times came. Drought came; crops dried up. Our herd of cattle wasted away. Everything seemed to go wrong. When the time came to meet the note on the place, I had no money with which to pay. I was granted an extension. But things went from bad to worse, and I still was unable to pay on my note. Finally I was told I would have to pay or lose the place. I was desperate. I tried to borrow money, but could not. I

tried to find work, but there was no work to be found. I wondered what in the world would become of my wife, of my babies. We were in desperate circumstances.

"Then one day, when it seemed there was no hope for us, a stranger came riding down that same highway out there on a horse. He turned up the lane and stopped at my front yard gate, just as you did yesterday. He told me he had heard that I was in trouble, that I was about to lose my ranch, that my family was in need, and that he had come to see if he could help me.

"I did not know him, and he did not know me," the old man continued, "but he helped Ma and me to save this place. But he did more than that for us. He told us that we would lose far more than the ranch if we were not careful—we would lose our souls. He told me and Ma about the Lord Jesus Christ and we gladly became Christians. Our children, too, turned to the Lord that day.

"Yes," he continued, "that cowboy heard we were in trouble and he came to help us. He came because he was a Christian and he wanted us to be Christians, too. Because of him I was able to pay for this ranch. My four children have had good educations. I gave each one of them a farm on his wedding day. All my children are saved, and all my grandchildren who are old enough have been saved. God has been so good to me and to Ma. But we would have lost this ranch and we would have lost our souls if it had not been for the stranger who came our way that day.

"And, Bill,"—he placed his hand on my shoulder—"that stranger was your father!"

My dad! God bless him! Years before I was even born my father heard of a man who was in trouble—a man who needed money and who needed Christ. And just for Jesus' sake my father saddled a horse and rode to see this man, this complete stranger. He helped the man care for his family and he won the man and his family to Christ. Then he rode away.

But my father never dreamed that some forty years later his baby boy would ride a horse down that same highway. He never dreamed that I would be so backslidden, so scared, and so bitter. And my father did not dream that the man to whom he had been a blessing—the man he had sacrificed to win to Christ—my dad never dreamed that this same man would, in turn, take me in, feed me, give me a bed for the night, offer me money for college tuition, and send me on my way reconsecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ!

My father did what was right for Jesus' sake. He trusted the Lord to guide him, to provide for him and to reward him. And God richly rewarded my father's faith, for I mounted my silver horse that morning, waved a grateful farewell to the elderly couple and turned my horse's head toward the east, toward college and the ministry—to the land of beginning again.

— THE END —

Lord, Lead Us Another Way!

(Continued from page 6)

has conquered tuberculosis." He forgot, however, that tuberculosis, far from being conquered, has more than 500,000 victims in our country alone; and that this white plague is growing with shocking increase in war-devastated nations. Science can give us faster planes, faster trains, faster autos; but it cannot give us purer hearts, purer souls, purer lives.

Forty-two years ago in his lecture entitled "Decoration Day Oration," Robert Ingersoll, Number 1 scoffer of his generation, announced this "vision of the future," predicting:

"I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race. I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth: a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet shadow does not fall: a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand.... I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's stony, heartless stare, the piteous wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh or brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function, and, as I look, life lengthens; joy deepens; love canopies the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope."

He never saw this vision, nor will anyone ever see such peace and progress on an earth that rejects Jesus.

By contrast however, at the height of scientific achievement, we do see the world drained of much of its wealth, multitudes impoverished and bankrupt, more exiles and prisoners than ever before, destruction and agony above the worst we have known.

Even scientists themselves are sometimes terrorized by the Frankenstein of frightfulness which men may yet produce. The atomic bomb is in its imperfect infancy. How horrifying beyond words it will be when developed under the pressure of a future war! Disease bombs are said to be in the offing.

Regrettably much of present day scientific thought is atheistic, blind to the evidence of divine power in the world about us, in history behind us, in the ground beneath us, and in the skies above us. Men, whom even two world wars have not torn from their madness, are screaming, "There is no God!" They ought to remember the Arab guide in the Sahara Desert who answered a French infidel's question, "How do you know there is a God?" with another question: "How would I know that a man and not a camel passed my tent last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," he concluded, pointing to the rays of the sun flashing over the sandy waste, "that footprint is not a man's."

The Magi looked to the heavens with its myriad stars; and if ever you doubt that there is a God, go out during the Christmas season to survey the star-spangled heavens! On a clear, cold winter night you can count hardly 2,500 stars, but aided by telescopes astronomers have listed multiplied millions. Their photographic plates made with high-powered lenses already show about a billion stars, leading to the conclusion that there may be as many as 30 billion, some certainly many millions times as large as this earth. When believing scientists consider the regular movements of the heavenly bodies the definite law and the system which keep each in its pathway, like the great astronomer Kepler, they bow humbly before the Almighty because they know that He alone could produce this myriad of miracles. Even human reason tells us that the mathematical probability of these 30 billion stars com-

ing into their present size, form, brightness, position, and system by accident or evolution is one in a number so vast that it can be expressed in decillion times decillion. Yet all these stars, as the eighth Psalm clearly states, are the work of only the Creator's fingers, not even of His hands, His arms, His whole strength.

What a glorious Lord of unlimited power He is for us in all our needs! Compared with a star of the first magnitude, you and I are truly less than one-millionth part of a grain of dust; yet how deeply the Lord loved us, insignificant specks in the universe that we are, when He gave His own Son into death for our redemption! Marvelous as these mightiest stars are, they do not mean as much to our Father as your soul. Jesus Himself declared, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Many Great Scientists Have Trusted Christ

The scientific research of these Magi, blessed by God, led them to discover the one star in this myriad which the Almighty had destined, was to direct them; and when these Oriental sages, following the heavenly beacon, knelt at the Christ Child's cradle, gave Him gold, frankincense, and myrrh, royal, precious tributes of their faith, you behold science serving the Saviour as it should today. Thank God that even in our generation truly wise men worship Jesus! Don't be discouraged by the fact that certain prominent university teachers, physicists, chemists, geologists, physicians, are unbelievers! Since these Magi knelt at the manger, the most eminent scientists have been humble disciples of our Lord.

Professor Taylor of Princeton asserts, "The farther a scientist goes, the humbler he becomes in regard to faith."

Sir Ambrose Fleming, noted British physicist, asks preachers who deny the possibilities of miracles to begin "resting on the Word of the increasingly verified, inspired Scriptures, which," he says, "are the utterance of the men of God who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Dr. William Bell Dawson, son of Sir William and one of the Dominion's most distinguished scientists, wrote scores of important treatises which brought him honors from many learned societies, but he also wrote a booklet entitled, *Forgiveness Through the Blood of the Lamb*.

David Anderson, president of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, surveying the needs of this war-torn world, states: "As one who for many years in his private life sought to stress the importance of the great Christian doctrines... in the New Testament, I should like to plead for a definite application of these to our postwar problems.... As good engineers, our aim should be to plan the future on the solid foundation of the unchanging and beneficent laws of God."

I repeat; the most eminent scientists have been men of deep personal faith in Christ. Take only the physicians and leaders who have relieved human pain and advanced health! When the celebrated Dutch physician Boerhave once prepared to dissect the corpse of an executed criminal before his anatomy class, he suddenly turned pale and told the students, pointing to the lifeless form before him: "I spent my boyhood with this man. Now I am the honored Boerhave, while he lies here. Let me tell you clearly that besides the grace of God I know of no reason why I do not lie there in his place."

Similarly Sir James Simpson, the renowned discoverer of chloroform, reported:

"When I was a student at the university, I saw... a man brought out to die.... Would any friend loose the rope and say: 'Put it around my neck! I die instead?' No; he underwent the sentence of the law. For many offenses? No, for one offense. He had stolen a money parcel.... He broke the law in one point and died for it.... I

saw another sight: I shall never forget—myself a sinner, standing on the brink of ruin, condemned to eternal punishment in the lake of fire. For one sin? No; for many, many sins committed against the crushing laws of God. I looked again, and behold, Jesus became my Substitute. He bore in His own body on the tree all the punishment of my sin. He died on the cross that I might live in glory. He suffered, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring me to God."

Listen to Dr. Howard Kelly, world-famous physician and scientist, who declared: "I am certain that Jesus Christ is the Son of God born of the Virgin Mary. I believe that all men by nature are sinners, alienated from the life that is in God and that... the Son of God Himself came down to earth to... shed His sacrificial blood on the cross to pay the infinite penalty of a lost world."

An assistant came into Pasteur's laboratory, found the scientist with bowed head, excused himself for intruding, and said: "Pardon me! I thought you were praying." "I was," Pasteur answered.

This year I spent part of Christmas afternoon with Negro inmates of the Saint Louis City Infirmary. One of them had worked with Dr. George Carver, Negro scientist, whose research helped save many lives in the South and in the Congo and whose memory the nation honored yesterday. With sparkling eyes this invalid told me, "Whenever a problem confronted Dr. Carver, he took it to God in prayer, in his laboratory or on long walks, alone with his Lord." Some of the nation's outstanding surgeons are men who would not think of undertaking an operation without invoking divine help or, concluding it successfully, without giving the Master Physician thanks.

Now, if the march to the manger which these Magi started has continued ever since, as learned leaders have humbly found their way to Jesus, by what right can freshmen high-school teachers, sophomore college professors, who have never contributed an original or constructive thought sneer and jeer at Christianity as they do? The truly wise always worship the Saviour.

Obey God's Warning!

After they had bowed before Jesus, the Magi, we read, "being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod," heeded the divine instruction. Do you obey God? Have you followed the Almighty's repeated appeals to avoid evil and walk in His way? Some of you do not listen to the warnings even of human counselors. You are like Julius Caesar. The very day he was assassinated through a conspiracy of Roman senators, a friend handed him a paper revealing the whole plot against his life. Instead of reading it on the way to the senate, Caesar thrust it into his pocket, together with other documents, and without glancing once at the facts and taking measures to save his life, he rode directly to the senate house, where he was slain.

A capable doctor tells you, "If you value your life, stop drinking and carousing"; but you know better than your medical advisor and continue to dig your own alcoholic grave.

A godly mother pleads with you young folks who are sowing to the flesh and begs you to stop living in sin; but you are too hardened to notice your own mother's tears and her prayers.

A Christian pastor sees you on the road to spiritual and moral ruin. As your soul counselor, he raises his voice to warn you against your perilous, destructive ways; but rather than thank him, you often accuse him of meddling in your affairs.

Now, if you do not heed the warnings of men whom you can see, you will certainly not listen to God, whom you cannot see, unless He employs special, drastic means of awakening your soul to the conspiracy which the Devil with his agents on earth and in Hell has formed against you. If it takes sickness, remorse, loss, heavy affliction, to bring you to the realization that you must have Christ as your Saviour, then I say, "Oh, blessed pain and anguish which helps spare you the im-

measurable agony of eternal rejection by your heavenly Father!"

We do not know the road on which the Wise Men returned to their homes; but we do know that it was a route by which they could avoid Herod's murderous hatred. Today too Christians must constantly strive to go "another way" from that which takes them back to their Saviour's enemies and farther from their faith. What tragic losses have been caused by people who parade as believers, but whose words and conduct belie the blessed Redeemer and give offense to those outside the Church!

At the Battle of Quebec General Wolfe, urging his men onward, was mortally struck by a bullet. To prevent his soldiers from knowing that he was wounded, he directed the officers around him: "Hold me up! Don't let the men see me fall!"

Similarly, you who have been called to Jesus, should realize that, as children of light, you should walk in the light, not in darkness. Your prayers should daily ask, "O Holy Spirit, don't let me fall," lest the example of your sin lead others to spurn their Saviour, point to you and say, "Well, if that is all Christianity means, then I want nothing of it."

Who can tell what might have happened had the Magi disobeyed God, returned to Herod, and told him where the Christ Child was? You do know, however, what has happened to many who have sold their Saviour to secure public favor? Judas went to Hell because of his unbelief, and if you are now turned away from Him, should you not be paralyzed by the fear of the fate which will overtake you unless you repent? Therefore, on the first Sunday of this year, Jesus, who loved you and gave Himself for you, stands before the ungrateful who have joined the twentieth-century crucifiers, and, as He points to these learned men from the East, He pleads: "My beloved, for whom I shed My blood, go 'another way' this year! Stop running away from grace! Come back, all the way, to Me! Why will you destroy yourself by your unbelief? Why, with your unforgiven sins, will you consign your soul to Hell, when

here, with Me, there is overabundant mercy?"

And as He, who never refused to welcome a contrite sinner, stretches His arms toward you—the Holy Spirit grant it!—may you declare, not tonight when you go to bed, not tomorrow, not next Sunday, but now: "O precious Redeemer, forgive me my transgressions by Thine endless mercy and limitless love! Let Thy blood, shed for the sins of the whole world, cleanse me of my transgressions! Then, Thy Spirit helping me, I promise that I will live this year 'another way,' forsaking iniquity, always walking with Thee."

II. LEAD US CLOSER TO THE LOVE OF CHRIST!

The Magi not only went "another way" and kept their distance from murderous Herod, as we should avoid the enemies of our Lord, their souls also began to go "another way." They were different men, stronger in faith, after they knelt and worshiped in the Christ Child their God and Saviour, just as those who contritely come to Jesus, their sin-removing Redeemer, cannot behold and believe Him without having their whole lives changed, their entire conduct directed "another way." It is written, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

When John Sunday, a converted Indian chief, spoke to a congregation in Plymouth, England, he said: "I understand that many of you are disappointed that I have not brought my Indian dress with me.... When I was a pagan Indian... my face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair.... I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping knife in my belt. That was my dress then. Now, do you wish to know why I wear it no longer?... When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'passed away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. I have done away with the scalping knife. That is my tomahawk now," he concluded, pointing to the Ten Commandments.

(Continued on page 8)

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Lord, Lead Us Another Way!

(Continued from page 7)

translated into the Indian language.

A New Person by Trusting Christ

Do you ask, "How can I have new life for the new year, a changed heart and a reborn spirit for the years ahead?" Follow the Magi as their mighty minds bow submissively before the Son of God! With a sin-stricken, but grace-gripped heart behold the Lord Jesus! Let the Holy Spirit direct your life "another way" as you, outwardly church members, but inwardly dissatisfied and distracted through your ignorance of the Saviour's love, delve into the treasures of the Gospel truth! Many of you feel that something definite is lacking in your lives. I promise you that if you will believe the Saviour, trust His promises, read Scripture fairly, without raising any willful objections of unbelief, you will see that the Almighty can grant you spiritual contentment and real joy in life.

John von Muller, the eminent Swiss historian, had that experience. He writes: "I do not know why, two months ago, I took it into my head to read the New Testament.... I had not read it for many years and was prejudiced against it before I took it in hand.... I have always felt the want of something, and it was not until I knew our Lord that it was all clear to me; with Him there is nothing which I am not able to solve. If this religion is not divine, I understand nothing at all."

Do you want this grace which takes you "another way," past the restlessness and disturbance seething within you, to peace of mind and soul and heart—peace with God, peace with your neighbors, peace in your own family, peace within your conscience? More true even than that I now speak to you is God's guarantee that you can have this peace if only you are ready—and the Spirit grant you will be!—first of all, to confess, without the reservations some of you have made, that in your repeated, unnumbered transgressions of the divine law, you are under God's wrath, headed for Hell, doomed to everlasting death, barred from the beauty of Heaven. Then you must acclaim Jesus, as these Magi did, your Saviour, your God, your King!

This tiny Babe in the manger, God's Son and the Virgin's, was born at Bethlehem—Oh believe it!—so that on Golgotha's grim brow He could satisfy divine justice, pay the penalty for your iniquities, remove the curse of your transgressions, fulfill the Law in your stead, suffer the punishment to which you had been sentenced, die the death you had deserved and thus, by His atoning, substitutionary sacrifice of Himself in your behalf, take away your sins, free you from divine judgment, make you sinless, stainless, in God's sight, and guarantee you the glories of eternal blessedness, unending joy in His presence! With this grace offered you freely in the Gospel—dare you, the half-convinced, the half-indifferent, refuse to come the whole way and, obeying the Spirit, kneel contritely

but confidently before the Christ Child?

How Many Have Become New Creatures by Faith!

This, then, is the personal Epiphany appeal which if you accept it, as I pray you will, leads you "another way," a blessed way, the Gospel's way. Do you want the Lord Jesus as your Saviour, your Friend in every need, your Guide in each dark perplexity, your interceding High Priest before His Father's throne, the Sovereign of your soul, indeed, your glorious God with whom "nothing shall be impossible"? Meet Christ in faith as the Magi did! Know in personal acquaintance who Jesus is and what He has done for you! If only you will take time to behold the Saviour face to face on the pages of His revealed record, you too can come to the greatest glory men are privileged to have on earth, the assurance through the Son of God that their sins are forgiven and Heaven is theirs.

Francis Junius was a distinguished British scholar, but a prejudiced, poison-minded enemy of the Lord. His grief-stricken father, watching this infidelity increase, placed a New Testament in his son's library, hoping that the Holy Spirit would direct the young man to the saving truth. What happened? Francis Junius writes:

"One day I unwittingly opened the New Testament thus providentially laid before me. At the very first view, though I was deeply engaged in other thoughts, the grand chapter of the Evangelist and Apostle presented itself to me, 'In the beginning was the Word.'"

the passage many of you listeners recognize as the opening of Saint John's Gospel and his testimony to the eternal Christ.

Junius continues:

"I read a part of the chapter and was so affected that I instantly became struck with the divinity of the argument. My body shuddered, my mind was all in amazement, and I was so agitated the whole day that I scarce knew who I was. From that day God wrought so mightily in me by the power of His Spirit that I began to have less relish for all other studies and pursuits, and bent myself with greater ardor and attention to everything which had relation to God."

Many of you unbelievers have Bibles in your homes. For the sake of your soul, for the blessings of forgiven sins, for the escape from Hell, and for the benediction of Heaven, read this sacred Book, believe it, apply its sure promises to yourself!

For years William Cowper, the British poet, was seized by melancholy and driven to the depths of despair. He gave this account of the light Christ's Gospel brought in the darkest moments of his life:

"I flung myself into a chair near the window and, seeing the Bible here, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans. Immediately I received the strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency He had made for my pardon and justification. In a moment I believed and received the peace of the Gospel.... The happy pardon which was to shake off my fetters and afford me a clear discovery of God's mercy in Christ Jesus had now arrived."

From that time on Cowper went "another way"; the menace of melancholy was over. In the Saviour's name I promise you, the distracted and depressed, that if you kneel before Bethlehem's Babe to receive

Him as your Ruler and Redeemer, your life will be directed "another way." The morbid grief, the dark distrust, the unworthy suspicion, will vanish from your soul, as you find joy, light, help, comfort, courage, strength, radiance, in the Saviour.

It was a mysterious process, following a star, which led the Magi to the manger; and today God often uses mysterious means of bringing men to faith.

In Lyons, France, a brave Gospel preacher, Adolph Monod, proclaimed Christ crucified and His promise of free grace through the faith. Bigots reported these sermons as objectionable, and he was ordered to bring copies to the prefect of police, Count de Gasparin, who himself had never learned the full mercy of the Lord Jesus. The Count had to investigate the sermons, irksome as this duty seemed to him. To make the task easier, his wife offered to read the objectionable scripts with him. Though they started to read in resentment, by the Spirit's guidance they actually continued with amazement and inner joy. As each paragraph brought new interest, the work which had been an official chore now became a sacred privilege. Past midnight they read on, finishing two sermons, with the result that Count de Gasparin and his wife were converted. From that moment they began to take "another way," the path of love and life in the Lord.

We often speak of chance happenings, accidental occurrences by which men are brought to Jesus; in truth, however, the Holy Spirit definitely leads every believer to his Saviour.

Admiral Mahan, one of the great American authorities on sea power, recalls a notable visit to a Boston church. In the midst of the sermon, which was to direct the admiral's life "another way," the preacher, whose name he never learned, quoted the Christmas promise, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Admiral Mahan writes: "Almost the first words of the Gospel! I had seen them for years, but at last perceived them. Scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I began to see Jesus Christ and life as I had never seen them before." Then, too, he recognized that the Holy Spirit had led him to the service.

Perhaps you think that chance or accident brought you before your radios to hear this message of which until a few moments ago you knew nothing; but you are wrong. The same God whose Spirit guided those Oriental leaders to Bethlehem has helped you find this broadcast, so that, illumined by His Spirit, you too can confess the Lord Jesus your Saviour and, clasping His hand, go with Him, through Him, and for Him "another way," the way of faith, holiness, and victory.

Do you want new life, new hope, new blessing, through the assurance that your sins are washed away? Write! (to Editor John R. Rice) Now, while the Holy Spirit urges you, decide for Christ! Let us help you learn the mind of the Magi as you worship Him, whom to know and believe is earth's highest joy and Heaven's greatest glory!

Even the best of you believers who say: "Amen," "It is true," to this pledge of a new life in the Saviour can come closer to Jesus and walk on "another," a higher and holier "way," as the Magi, who leaving their costly gifts in Bethlehem, went back to their distant homes as different men, poorer in money, but richer in reliance on their new-found Saviour. When you read the life of Frances Ridley Havergal, author of many sacred songs, you will find that despite her amazing devotion to the Lord, she too could direct her life "another way," always closer to the Redeemer. After she had written the hymn:

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!
The poem remained unprinted for four years. Then, when she reread her own plea,

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold,
she realized that she was asking others to do something she herself had not done. So she took all her jewels, except a few pieces her parents had given to her, put them into a box, sent it to a missionary

\$25,000 Urgently Needed . . .

(Continued from page 2)

better wake up. In Christ's name, I beg you to stop and think before Southern Baptist preachers are all trained into the thinking of Yale Divinity School, the University of Chicago, and of the Riverside Church of New York theology.

Among Methodists there are thousands of godly, Bible-believing preachers. But we had just as well face certain facts. Dr. Harry Ward, communist; the Methodist Federation for Social Action; Bishop Oxnham who calls the God of the Bible a "dirty bully"; Dr. Georgia Harkness, notorious liberal teacher; Dr. Nels F. S. Ferre, outright infidel denying the deity of Christ and all the essentials of the Christian faith, are also factors in the Methodist Church. If we are to help Methodist preachers stay true to Christ, to believe the Bible, help them to preach the soul-winning Gospel, help them, to resist the constant pressure toward socialism and communism, we must send them THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

I say to you frankly that most of the larger denominations in America are led by people who are either outright modernists or who are blinded by denominational loyalty to work with modernists and boost them.

Will You Help Now?

I sincerely believe that to send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to preachers is possibly the very best investment for Christ that you could make, and will do the most good for the amount of money required. I beg you to believe me. I have studied this matter twenty years. I know more evangelists, have more contacts with Christian leaders than nearly anybody else in America. 39,000 preachers now take THE SWORD OF THE LORD! I know that I am right. I know that we can change the color and sentiment and philosophy of life in America and keep America largely Christian in its philosophy, and keep a climate that makes for revivals and soul winning, if Bible believers will help me. In Christ's dear name I plead with you to send as large gifts as possible to pay for subscriptions to preachers.

Some of you will want to send a list of ministerial students in some college or seminary. Others of you will want to pay for subscriptions to the Methodist preachers in your state, or for subscriptions to Baptist preachers in your state, or to some other group. Others of you will want to send gifts, and let me apply the gifts to this great number of subscriptions.

I say frankly that I have stuck my neck out. Every subscription has to be paid for. I am doing my best and planning to do my best. I am doing it for love of Jesus Christ. Long years of experience have proved that this way works, that it will save preachers, that it will spread revival, that it will keep people from modernism and worldliness. So in Jesus' dear name help us as sacrificially as you can.

Will you send your gift to the Ministers and Missionary Subscription Fund?

Remember that this editor gets not a penny from it, no salary from THE SWORD OF THE LORD, no income from whatever you may do to help send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to preachers. We will send THE SWORD OF THE LORD to those who want it. We will stop the sub-

society; and to be sure that she was not withholding "a mite," she included a check covering the value of the jewels she had retained. After the treasure chest was on its way, she exclaimed, "I never packed a box with such pleasure!"

Today in thanks to Jesus, give even more than Miss Havergal did, give yourself wholly to Christ who gave Himself for you. Then indeed you can go "another way," the way to divine comfort and courage, the way to joy and strength, the way to help and hope, the way to pardon and peace, sometimes the way to the cross, but always the way to the crown, the way to Heaven—the way to Jesus. Lord, lead us all that way for His sake! Amen!

From the book, LET US RETURN UNTO THE LORD, published by Concordia Publishing House. Used by permission.)

scription to anybody who does not want it. We will not waste your money.

The material planned for the next year is, we believe, the best we have ever published. We are getting more co-operation from great preachers than we have ever gotten in the twenty-year life of THE SWORD OF THE LORD. An abundance of good things are coming. Please send as large a gift as possible for the Sword Ministers and Missionary Subscription Fund, and we will use the money as designated and join you in fervent prayer.

Address your letter to Editor John R. Rice, Sword of the Lord, Wheaton, Illinois. And I beg you to pray for us! Pray that God will give me divine wisdom in selecting material. Pray that he may anoint me with the Holy Spirit so that what I write may be in the power of God. Oh, pray that God will touch the hearts of preachers and others as they read.

And thank you, dear friends, who help. I must hear soon, if we are to do what we ought to do. Address us at Wheaton, Illinois.

Just Anything

A minister was in a bookstore one day when a woman came in to buy a book. When asked as to the kind of book she wanted, she replied, "Oh, just anything." So the clerk handed her a worthless story. She rapidly glanced through the book, and then said, "That looks good. I'll take it."

A half hour later the minister was in the meat market when that same woman came in and demanded a steak. She scornfully refused the first cut and the second that were offered, insisting rather loudly upon, "the best that you have." When she finally received and paid for a most expensive cut, she announced for all to hear, "I am particular about what I eat."

Is it not too frequently true that many people feed their bodies upon the best, while their mind and soul are fed upon, "just anything"—worthless and pernicious though it be?

If we would grow spiritually we must read, first of all the Word of God, next the most spiritual books we can find—books that contain rugged truths and uphold holy standards.

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